

Newport Mercury.

ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1753.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 28, 1855.

NUMBER 4,877.

VOLUME XCIV.

The Newport Mercury,
is PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
M. COGGINSHALL & F. A. PRATT.
GEO. C. MASON, EDITOR.
101 Old Stand—No. 123 Thames Street.

TERMS.—Two DOLLARS per annum, or \$1.75 if
sent in advance. No paper sent out until the
amount is made STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the Lowest
Rate. Delusion made to those who advertise by
year.
No paper discontinued (unless at the op-
tion of the Proprietors) until arrears are paid.

Poetry.

WHAT IS NOBLE?

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

What is noble to inherit?
Wealth, estate, and proud degree?
There must be some other merit
Higher yet than these for me!
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span;
Fate to create and centre
True nobility in man!

What is noble? 'Tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart;
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow being,
And, like man, to feel for man!

What is noble? Is the subtle
Nobler than the humble spade?
There is dignity in labor
Than that of pomp arrayed;
He who seeks the mind's improvement
Aids the world in ailing mind;
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes—
O'er the engine's iron head—
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls the thread;
There is labor loving tender
Each requirement of the hour,
There is genius still extending
Science—and its world of power!

'Mid the dust and speed and clamor
Of the loom and the mill,
'Mid the clink of wheel and hammer,
Great results are growing still!
Though too oft by fashion's creatures
Work and workers may be blamed,
Commerce need not hide its features!
Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble? That which places
Truth in its enfamed will;
Leaving steps—like angel-traces—
That mankind may follow still!

Agriculture.

Now is the time for farmers to decide upon the crops of the season. These should be increased at least one half—potatoes, corn and vegetables, the staples of life should be attended to now. We cannot prosper as a nation, as a people, until we have cheaper food. The times are sadly out of joint. The prices of everything are high, and yet no kind of business is very good. The tilling of the soil is probably as good as any kind of employment. When corn is worth over one dollar and a tenth a bushel, farming must be good business. No excuse whatever, except laziness, can now be given for a want of the most prompt attention to this subject. The scarcity of laborers can be obviated. There are plenty in New York. Thousands of foreigners are arriving weekly, and gladly do they embrace any opportunity to go into the country. If laborers are scarce let the farmers combine together, appoint one of their number and send him hither to obtain help. Good able bodied men can be had, the Independent says, for \$8 to \$10 a month. These men, however degraded they may be, in the country where there is a Maine law, but few temptations, and plenty of business, they will prove profitable and worthy of encouragement.

We hear good reports from the West. If no unwarmed event interposes between now and harvest, the North West which is in fact the granary of the Union will turn out a surplus which will gladden the hearts of the breadless in our Eastern country. There will be but few men engaged in the construction of railroads in the West during the present season, all the great lines being nearly completed. This will cause a large amount of labor to enter upon agriculture—thus increasing our supply. So we may expect a full supply of breadstuffs from the West, unless blight, or drouth or mildew shall interpose to cut short the crops.—The attention of every land-owner should be given to the present seed-time.

Pendulum.

TO TRAIN A HORSE TO THE HARNESS.—
You must be very gentle with him. You may commence by throwing a rope over the back and letting it hang loose on both sides; then lead him about, caressing him, until he becomes satisfied that it will not hurt him; then put on the harness and pull gently on the traces. In a short time, by this kind of treatment, he will be prepared for work.

Selected Tale.

THE MINER'S BRIDE.

BY ALICE MAY.

In one of the mountain districts of Germany lived a miller. His house stood in a narrow valley, from which the thickly wooded sides of the mountains rose almost perpendicularly. In the background two ranges united, forming a sort of semi-circle between them, and beyond these another range, whose summits were, even in summer, covered with snow, rose to a still greater height.

The house was built after the fashion of the country, was spacious and well arranged, and formed a pleasing object in the landscape. The stone underpinning was about five feet in height, and on this were laid rough hewn but well joined timbers. A balcony, used for drying flax and linen, ran across the front and round the right side of the house, and was accessible from the upper story as well as by means of an outer staircase. The building was surrounded by a gable roof, held in its place by stones instead of nails, and in front rose a small tower or belfry, from which a bell gave the summons to the midday and evening meals. A mountain stream was dammed up a few rods above the house and its waters were brought to the mill through a wooden water course.

The land about the house was unproductive, and no harvest but potatoes could be safely reckoned on from it; but higher up the mountains were rich pastures belonging to the farm. These, protected by the surrounding woods, yielded ample support in summer to sixty or seventy head of cattle. A peasant and his wife occupied a small cottage near by to take charge of the flocks, and the butter, cheese and milk sent by them was held in high estimation by the visitors at a neighboring bathing-place.

Everything betokened the residence of a rich, prosperous and influential yeoman, and was the miller unworthy of his position. He was honorable and upright, always faithful to his word, and in his manners neither servile and cringing to his superiors, nor arrogant to his inferiors. He wore a long coat of the finest cloth, a red vest fastened with silver buttons, and green suspenders held up his short knee breeches of goat-skin. His well rounded legs were covered with blue stockings.

It has been truly said, that ambition is found in the secluded valley as well as in the palaces of kings, and that of the miller centered in his two children, a son and daughter. The former, after passing some years with the village priests, went to the capital and gained high honors in the ministry. When he had reached the seventh class his mother fell mortally ill, and, on her death bed, exacted a solemn vow from her son to enter the priesthood; so all his attention was henceforth devoted to the necessary preparation. When he left the eighth class, he entered the theological school, and thence by his talent and industry attracted the attention of the archbishop, who, when his studies were ended, took him for his own chaplain with the promise of a rich benefice in the future.

The miller was justly proud of his son, and this was his only weak point. A few words in praise of the son were sure to gain the father's good will, and did any one express a desire for the advice and assistance of the chaplain, the heart of the miller was open to him at once.

But he was no less happy in his daughter. She was the most beautiful maiden in the valley, modest, truthful and noted for her management of the house. The old man was somewhat stern, and held stricter notions of propriety than were common in these regions where the young people hold free intercourse, especially when love is once declared. The miller was supported in this by his son, who kept up a constant correspondence with his home, and was always consulted on all family matters.

The miller had high plans for his daughter. She should inherit his property, and marry a prosperous tradesman who would contribute a round sum to the establishment, or some man high in office, who would give importance to the family. Or perhaps it would be some rich land owner, who could unite the two estates. When this took place, he would leave the mill to the young people, and himself retire to a cottage near by, where he would still be at hand with counsel and assistance. But the old man would not listen to the idea of any manner match for his beautiful and well endowed Martha.

Martha showed no disposition to disobey her father's wishes in this respect, and none of her many lovers could succeed in gaining the slightest encouragement.—A rich, but vulgar and uneducated merchant from the neighboring city, flattered himself for some time with hopes of success, but he was by no means suited to the taste of the pretty Martha, who had received a good education in an Ursuline convent, and the miller, too, turned a cold shoulder on him.

Then came a musician about thirty, pale, bald, and in spectacles. He rode over every Thursday to sing with Martha, who sat in the choir in the village church. One day the miller found him, his fiddle in one hand, his bow in the other, in the midst of a passionate declaration of love. Martha quietly referred him to her father. The old man surveyed him from head to foot, shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, and before he said a word, his gesture became so significant that the unfortunate lover judged it best to retire forthwith, and

the lessons were from that time discontinued.

The chief forester also sought her hand. He was a widower with one child, and reported his first wife had not lived happily with him. His love and his heart were now a sort of gold-beaterskin, capable of such indefinite extension, that he had a piece for every pretty maiden in the valley.

"Don't be in a hurry to marry, Martha," said her father; "the eighth man will come at last, and the forester will not be apt to treat his second wife any better than his first."

Martha had no inclination for him herself, and cared nothing for such a love, and the forester, vexed and indignant at his want of success, was forced to give up his suit.

Close by the mill lived the widow of one of the superintendents of a neighboring mine, who supported herself by sewing, knitting, and a little service she was yet able to render to the people around. She had experienced many vicissitudes of fortune, and Martha loved to visit her, and hear her stories of her former life. Sometimes she met there a nephew of the old woman, a young man of noble character, but miserably poor. He had lost his father when a boy, and had come hither out of Bohemia to work in the mine, where he had risen to the position of surveyor. His early education had been neglected, but he was now, by every exertion, making all the amends in his power. He was famous for his skill as a musician, and was a welcome guest at all the festivals in the valley, but he ever remained unmoved by the smiles of maidens, and they pronounced him cold and reserved. He possessed great skill in improving, and often sang to his aunt and Martha long tales of his Bohemian life. When he had finished, he would silently accompany Martha home.

The chaplain was now at home. Most of his days were spent with his father, who wished his assistance in plans for the mill and farm, but in the evening he sat with Martha in the garden, and found in his intercourse with her, a compensation for many of the attractions he had left behind him. His affections denied by his vocation as a priest ever another outlet had centered in Martha with an almost religious devotion. He told her stories of the city and of the gay world by which he was surrounded. Martha had no secrets. Her mind was like a clear stream, where the smallest pebble may be seen, yet in their daily conversations, he had much to learn of her character.

Sometimes in the cool evenings they strolled together over the mountain paths. Martha still wore the picturesque dress of the country, which her father had never permitted her to lay aside. This consisted of a long, bright shirt, a dark jacket or spencer, and a tall pointed hat with long ribbons. Once they met Franz. Martha blushed and cast down her eyes as he approached, and they exchanged greetings as they passed. Her brother asked who he was, and Martha told him of their intercourse.

"How do you like Franz?" said he to her, one day.

Martha made no reply. Her brother went on.

"Speak freely. You can say anything to me."

"I like him much," said Martha. "He is a noble, honorable man, who devotes his earnings to the support of his aged mother, nor is he ignorant, for he reads much.—But he is poor, and my father is proud, so nothing can ever come of it, and I must put it out of my head."

The brother understood more than her words implied but as the attachment was hopeless, thought it better to give her no encouragement, and even advised her to give up her visits to the old widow.

Not long after this conversation it became necessary for the miller to take a journey on business to the other side of the mountains. His horses were harnessed early in the morning, and after giving a few last directions, he started, saying:

"I shall be back soon. God be with you!"

He completed his business and noon found him some distance on his way home. He gave the reins to his well trained horses and leaned leisurely back without paying much attention to the path. They soon reached a narrow place in the road where the mountains rose almost perpendicularly on one side, and a steep precipice descended on the other, at the bottom of which a mountain torrent roared and tumbled along. It was a barren and desolate spot, and only a few shrunken pines clung to the crevices in the rocks. The air was filled with a thin mist, and the sun shining through it, seemed to cover every object with a dazzling veil. The horse took their own pace. The miller was smoking his pipe and thinking of his speedy arrival, when he became aware of a slight noise above him. He looked up, the sound grew louder; the air was filled in a moment with particles of snow, which suddenly swelled to a huge mass. He felt himself and his wagon seized as if by an evil spirit and hurled along, and then all consciousness was gone. An avalanche had fallen and buried him in its descent.

When he awoke, he found himself completely walled in by snow, which however, had formed a sort of arch above him, so that he still had space to breathe. He tried to enlarge this, and if possible, find some means of egress, but he ran the risk of completely burying himself by any imprudent motion, and overwhelmed with despair, he again became unconscious.

The round of voices above next roused him, and he tried to move, but his stiffened limbs refused to obey him. Suddenly a gleam of light penetrated his darkness, and through the aperture he caught a glimpse of the blue sky. Almost dazzled, he closed his eyes, and when he again opened them, he met those of Franz gazing down upon him. Franz had been on his way to his afternoon's work in the

mine. Just out of range of the avalanche, he had seen the whole accident, and for a few moments stood paralyzed with terror, unable to think what measures to adopt.—Soon, however, he felt that assistance to any of his fellow-men was his duty, and in a few moments he had summoned several of his fellow-workmen. They sought in vain for any trace of the wreck, or of the long poles which they used to try the depth of the snow, penetrated to the spot where the old man lay. Franz sprang down to him. His companions quickly brought ropes, and in a few moments both were drawn up. As the miller was unable to move, he was carried to the nearest house, where he soon recovered sufficiently to be taken home in a wagon belonging to the farmer.

The joy of the priest and Martha was imagined at finding their father safe and in their arms at the same moment that they heard of this terrible accident.—Franz had purposely remained away to avoid their thanks. Martha scarcely slept that night, and even in her dreams the scene was ever before her, and ever did the face of Franz appear as an angel of safety. Franz sent to inquire for the miller, but never came himself; yet Martha rejoiced in the opportunity to speak the beloved name, and to praise his conduct. The miller wished to see him, and said one day:

"He is poor. Can I do anything for him? Anything he chooses to ask is his."

Martha blushed. The priest determined to seize the moment and to strike while the iron was hot.

"Then I know what he will choose," said the priest.

"What do you mean?"

"Can you not guess?"

"Tell me what you mean, plainly," said the old man.

"Ask Martha," said his son.

"But Martha? how shall Martha know?"

"But if she does," said his son.

"Then let her say," said the old man.

"Do you hear, Martha?" said her brother.

Martha's cheeks were crimson.

"What would you say if he asked you for Martha herself?" went on the priest.

"How! what?" said the old man.

The priest continued:

"He has long loved Martha, but has been too timid to prefer his suit, and Martha has given him no encouragement, through fear of vexing you."

"Then," said the miller, "nothing can come of that. He can have a good field, or a round sum in money, if he chooses, but my daughter—never! No one must mention this to me again."

The priest feared the case was hopeless, but he made several other attempts with his father, which were again unsuccessful. The old man never made him any answer. He only shook his head and left the room directly. In a few days he met Franz.—He went up to him, shook him by the hand, and said:

"Franz, you are a noble fellow. I am under great obligations to you, and would gladly do anything for you—but my son says you wish to marry my daughter.—Now that can never be. You are poor, though that is no shame to you, and my son-in-law must be rich, and a land owner. But is there no other way? Do you not need money? I am told you support your mother by—"

Franz interrupted him, and said shortly:—"I thank you," while an ironical smile played over his compressed lips. He then asked after the miller's health, and passed on.

After this interview, all seemed to be over. Everything went on in its old way, except that Franz became very sad and thoughtful. His companions could not draw from him the cause of this, but it served to keep them all at a distance from him.

One day an accident happened to one of the miners. He did not return at the due time, and a party set out in search of him. He had been buried in the snow and they drew out his body, stiff and cold. Franz was foremost in the search, and when the body lay before him he muttered:

"If I were only in his place—he has a wife, his children and a home. I have nothing to lose, nothing."

An old man who overheard this, reproved Franz severely; he called such thoughts blasphemous, and a defiance to Heaven.

It now became necessary for the priest to return. Martha heard it with the deepest sorrow. They never spoke together of Franz, but she gave her brother a sympathy which no one else could, and he had become dear to her. But the time was fixed and closely drawing near.

The miners had now struck a new and very valuable vein, on which they worked day and night, the different divisions of men relieving each other. They had penetrated about twenty fathoms into the rock, and now wished to widen the passage.—For this purpose Franz started one morning with a party of men. The rock was very hard, and every step must be blasted. The drill was deep and now well filled with powder.

"That will be a tremendous blast," said one of the workmen.

"Yes," said another, "that will do double work."

"Ready," now called out the first, and gave the signal to get out of the way.—Most of the men sprang back to some distance, but Franz was a little late, and had just succeeded in enouncing himself behind a projecting rock at a turn in the gallery, when the explosion took place. The sudden crash was followed by the sound of a large mass rolling heavily to the ground—the lamp was extinguished, and all for a time was darkness and confusion.

"That was a noble blast," called out Franz from his corner.

"Light the lamp, Martin," said Andreas.

Martin searched for it on the ground, where he soon found it, and almost blinded by the change from utter darkness, held it up to see what progress had been made.

"Why are you so slow? Why don't you light the lamp?" called out Franz.

It was his voice, but dull and strange, as if from a grave.

"Where are you?" exclaimed Martin and Andreas at once.

"Here, here," said the voice, but the sound was the same.

They held up the lamp, only saw before them a large mass of rock.

"Where are you?" they shouted again, in terror, and looked around them, hoping they were mistaken in the direction from which the sound seemed to come.

"Here. Why don't you strike a light?"

"For God's sake, Franz," said they, "you do not mean—"

"I am here," cried he impatiently, "why are you so long rubbing those matches?"

"There is a piece of rock in my way, and I can't see to get out till you bring me a lamp."

Then all was clear to the men. Franz was walled in behind the fallen rock, but he examined it in every direction, but no way of egress presented itself. There was only a narrow cleft at the top through which a few rays of the lamp penetrated.

The first moment in which Franz became aware of his situation, was a terrible one to him, though he did not fully realize his danger. He pushed with his whole strength against the rock in every direction, hoping to dislodge some stone which would move the rest, but in vain.

His companions now left him to procure assistance, promising soon to return, and an hour passed before steps were again heard, and the chief of the men appeared with a large body of workmen.

They again examined the rock, but it was firmly wedged in its position, and no resource presented itself except blasting the rock, which was attended with the most imminent danger to Franz.

The gallery was narrow, so that only two men could work at once with their pickaxes, and before they could reach Franz in this way, he would die of hunger and thirst. Moreover, the air was bad and insufficient. At length, however, they succeeded in enlarging the cleft at the top, so they could put in food, and now set about their slow task with zeal, when, after twenty-four hours, another difficulty presented itself.—A spring had been opened in the side of the passage, and the water was now trickling down into the space in which Franz stood. It was already as high as his knees, and they said he would be drowned before they could reach him in this slow way.—The danger was imminent and increasing every moment.

"There is only one way of saving him," said the chief decidedly. "We must blast the rock, or Franz is lost. The rock must be blasted. It is possible that poor Franz may be buried under the ruins, but better a quick death from a fragment of the rock, than a lingering one by hunger, or the agony of gradual drowning. That alone can save him, if Heaven has not decided otherwise."

A solemn pause followed these words.—The workmen assented to the opinion of their superior, but they felt it was a cast for life and death. They called to Franz and proposed the plan to him. He was silent for a moment—then gave his assent with a courageous voice.

The news of his situation, soon reached the village. The miller became very grave, and said not a word. Anguish destroyed Martha's usual composure—she wrung her hands, her eyes grew red and filled with tears, but she did not weep.

Not long after the first news, one of the workmen came in haste to say that Franz had consented that the rock should be blasted, but he first wished to prepare for death as a Christian, and asked the services of Martha's brother.

Martha heard this news with composure; she now seemed resigned to everything.—She walked quietly up and down the room for some time, then suddenly left the house. Her father followed her to the door and watched her. She went up to a wooden crucifix bearing an image of Christ which stood where two roads met—before this she knelt.

"You have been praying," said her father to her, as he still stood at the door, and met her, returning.

"Yes," said she, quietly, "for Franz, for myself, and for you. That he may forgive our arrogance and all our sins, and make us happy."

The old man turned away to hide his tears.

"Come now," said Martha, "we must go to the mine with my brother."

The old man assented, himself harnessed the horses, and the three drove on in silence till they reached the narrow path which led to the mine. Here they alighted. Martha remained with her father at the miner's inn, while the priest went directly to Franz.

Here the workmen were collected thro' curiosity or compassion—the drill was already made. Nothing remained but to apply the match. "Good luck to you," called out the workmen as the priest approached, and reverently made room for him.

Then they drew back and left him alone with Franz, to whom he announced his arrival, and received the confession which he made in humility, but with the resolution of a man who looks death in the face.

"Te absolvo," said the priest, after it was finished:—"in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti," and then prayed with him.

"I have yet one worldly office with you," said he; "my father and Martha send you greeting, (Franz sighed) but now," continued he, "put away all temporal thoughts, and fix your mind on eternity. In a few moments all will be over.—Remember, whatever comes, Heaven sends it."

"Light the lamp, Martin," said Andreas.

The workmen now came forward and entreated the priest to bless their works. They knelt, repeated a short prayer, and received his blessing. Then he withdrew. The workmen cast lots for the lucky hand, and the choice fell on Martin.

"Good luck to you," said they all three times, and fell back. Martin lit the match and applied it. For a moment there was the most fearful suspense, then came the explosion. The white smoke curled up and fragments of the rock fell in all directions. There was a dead silence which no one ventured to break.

"He gives no signs of life!" said Andreas, at length. "He is dead, he is dead!" repeated one after another.

They took their mining lamps and approached. The blast had done its work—the rock was split from top to bottom, and large fragments were torn off, which were piled up in the greatest confusion.

"Are you living, Franz?" called out Andreas, but no answer came.

"He is dead!" said the men again.—"They now took great looks to drag away the pieces of stone; when the uppermost were removed, one of them climbed up and held his lamp at the opening. What a scene presented itself!

Franz lay on his knees, his head resting against the rock, his face colorless, and giving no signs of life. The water had reached his breast as he knelt, and a large fragment of the rock had fallen just at his feet, covering him with the drops it had dashed up.

The men raised him, felt his pulse, and he soon recovered so far that he could be carried by his companions to a neighboring house.

The miller and Martha were awaiting the event with trembling suspense. One of the men hastened forward to give them the joyful intelligence. The old man wept like a child—he took his daughter one side, and said:

"If you are still of the same mind, I give my consent; this is a sign from Heaven."

"I have betrothed myself," said Martha, quietly. "When I knelt before the cross, I vowed to belong to Franz alone, or to enter the convent where my good aunt Catharine took the veil."

At this moment the door opened and Franz appeared; he blushed as his eye fell on Martha, whose presence he had not known and stood doubtfully on the threshold. The miller stepped up to him and greeted him warmly.

"Franz," said he, "I have been unjust to you. Heaven has once before given me a sign. I will not be so obstinate and hard-hearted a second time."

Franz understood him, and a flash of joy passed over his features.

"You shall be cared for," went on the miller, "you shall bring your mother here and come to the mill and take up my business. She will help us about the house-keeping. What you do with Martha I leave with yourself, but if you choose, there shall be a wedding in three weeks."

And so it fell out. Franz left the mine, and the priest delayed his return till he had joined the lovers' hands in marriage.—Franz's mother came out of Bohemia and dwelt with her son. The miller is now a prosperous miller and farmer, and often recounts to strangers his story, and with joyful pride points out his Martha, his union with whom he owes to his fearful adventure in the mine.

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND.
1653.

We confess our astonishment, that the two towns on the Island should, unaided even by the rest of the colony, engage in hostilities against the Dutch, and grant commissions not only for the defence of Long Island, but also to prosecute offensive war against the Dutch and Indians. True it is however, that when the colonies of Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven shrunk from the war, unless Massachusetts would support them, (which she refused to do) the little Rhode Island threw herself into the breach, and took upon herself the responsibility of authorizing, in her name, the defence of Long Island against the Dutch and the Indians.

Some of the freemen attended the assembly in Newport, (held May 17th) from the towns on the main, and they chose an assistant for Providence and one for Warwick, which gave the meeting the appearance of a re-union of the whole colony: this, however, was not the case in fact, as a majority of the freemen on the main did not recognize the meeting as binding on them, but on the contrary continued their separate existence as a government. The little colony thus dissipated, found ample means of defence under one head, they were continually warring the breach. The very act that authorized Providence and Warwick to unite with those of the Island, was afterwards repealed.

The Commissioners for Providence and Warwick met again at Providence June the 3d and 4th, 1653, where only two of the commissioners for Providence, that were appointed in May, attended; and only three from Warwick; so that more than half the commissioners who met as such in May, had been suspended by others who must have resigned, which shows the divided state of public opinion in the towns on the main, on the question of re-uniting with the Island.

This assembly enacted that all those in this colony, that do own the commission which we bear, is granted and given to John Underhill, Edward Hull, and William Dyer, in the name of Providence Plantations, shall have henceforth no liberty to act in Government, until they have given satisfaction to the respective towns of Providence and Warwick.

The assembly then adopted a remon-

strance, and sent one copy to the town of Newport, and another to the town of Portsmouth, and then adjourned.

COPY.

"A brief remonstrance of the two Towns of Providence Plantations."

Whereas it pleased the Honored Council of State to grant unto Mr. Wm. Coddington a commission to be Governor of Rhode Island, whereby the Towns of Portsmouth and Newport were disjoined from the colony of Providence Plantations; whereupon we, the two Towns of Providence and Warwick, having information thereof, assembled together and declared ourselves unanimously to stand embodied and incorporated as before by virtue of our charter, and immediately prepared to send our agent unto England for confirmation of our charter unto us as more at large appeareth in the orders made at Providence, and whereas about the 16th of the 12th month, '52, William Dyer brought unto us, the two towns of Providence and Warwick, a letter subscribed by John Sanford, Wm. Baulstone, John Potter, and Wm. Jeffreys of Rhode Island, intimating that the said William Dyer had brought letters and orders for our directions sent from the much honored the Council of State and that they would give us a meeting to hear the said letters at the time of our appointment; whereupon we, the said Towns, respectively chose six commissioners, and gave them full power and authority to give answer to the said letters, as also to act for us as if we were present according unto the direction of the said council whether it were for reuniting of the said two towns of Portsmouth and Newport unto us, or otherwise do, in all general affairs except election, according to their wisdoms as in our several towns orders more at large appeareth, therefore our said Commissioners being orderly chosen and assembled at Pawtuxet the 25th of February, '52, prepared an answer to the said letter and sent it by the hands of four messengers, two chosen of each Town, that so, if possible, they might fully effect an orderly meeting, and therefore declared their resolutions in their said letters, to meet with the two towns of Portsmouth and Newport by Commissioners, six chosen out of each Town at the time and place of their appointment, and reunite with the Island, if the mind of the Council of State was such as more at large appeareth in their above said letter, but no reply could our said commissioners procure by said messengers, nor hitherto have received any, and at the return of the said four messengers, our said commissioners assembled at Pawtuxet aforesaid the 9th of March, '52, where the said messengers made their report, and declared that they could not procure the letters and orders for our correction sent from the honored Council of State above said, nor a copy thereof, although they were read before many people; thereupon our said commissioners sent to Mr. Easton, in whose hands the said orders were for them or a copy thereof, and another letter to both towns of Portsmouth and Newport, on purpose by the hands of two messengers, intimating unto the said two Towns that Providence and Warwick had empowered them as aforesaid to transact for the said two towns in all general affairs as if all the inhabitants of the said two towns were present, and therefore proposed to both the towns upon the Island that if they were willing to reunite with us then to choose six commissioners out of each town and appoint a time and place where we should meet them to order according to the counsel of State's direction as more at large appeareth in their said letter, but they could not procure any answer from neither of the said two towns, and whereas after a long space of time the town of Newport sent unto us certain propositions by the hand of Benedict Arnold, intimating their desire that we should meet them at Newport in May next and choose six commissioners to prepare, &c., which propositions we referred to our said commissioners thus answered, that they were willing there to meet by commissioners,

Dr. CATHERWOOD, an American physician, has undertaken to explore the interior of Australia without the aid of Government, with prospects success.

There will be a Social Assembly at Armory Hall on Wednesday evening next, which will probably be the last of the season.

The propriety of raising the siege of Sebastopol is freely and favorably talked of.

A Mr. Miner of Ripley, Ind., worth \$100,000, has been sent to the Penitentiary for two years for forging a note for \$24; "the love of money is the root of all evil."

AN INDULGENT WIFE—Mrs. Bloomer has gone to Council Bluffs to reside. She permitted her husband to accompany her.

son (8,000,600 feet, more or less,) to a party at St. Louis, at \$11.50 per M., delivered at the mill, calls only thrown out.
Detroit Advertiser, 16th.

Arr at Norfolk 22d, sch Harriet Lewis, having encountered a gale which caused her to leak badly in upper works, and split fore and mainsails; would sail next day; Mozart, Slocum, and Henry Castoff, Gardner, in this port.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.					
APRIL, 1856.		SUN rises	SUN sets.	MOON sets.	HA W
8	SATURDAY,	5	06	56	45 4
9	SUNDAY,	4	58	57	4 13
10	MONDAY,	4	57	58	4 20 5
1	TUESDAY, MAY	4	56	7	0 HOURS 6
2	WEDNESDAY,	4	54	7	17 52 7
3	THURSDAY,	4	53	7	29 6 8
4	FRIDAY,	4	52	7	31 10 19 9

Full Moon 1st day, 11th hour, 19 m. morn.

Special Notices.

REMARKS OF Shoulder Braces, or Chest Expansors, falsely so-called. Their action upon a weak chest, lungs and stomach, are most injurious; produce an unnatural and unsupportable strain upon the sinking stomach, which is the cause of the difficulty.

This can be sustained by the testimony of my patients in every place, who have found they were unable to use such supports. Neither could they remedy the cause, which in nine cases out of ten arises in the spinal column, instead of the shoulder, as supposed. But if you give the small of the back support, without pressure on the spine, and at the same time lift the falling mass; you restore the chest and shoulders to their proper places; just as a lumberer looks well to his foundation to secure the building against heavy gales. Those who have known CONKLIN at MARSHALL HALL, will fully understand the philosophy. See RANNEY'S braces in another column.

THE REIGN OF ART.—In this wonderful age Art lays her master touches on almost everything. The ceilings over us and carpets we tread on, are hallowed by Art. Art winds the way through the mountains and the mud: makes her machines of wood and iron, to act as if she knowledge annihilates space with lightning, tamed down to the tutelage of a boy. Nothing so lofty for her touch and nothing so humble. A new proof of this old conviction, has just fallen under our notice, in the shape of a CARBONATE PISTON, from the Laboratory of that world renowned Chemist Doct. J. C. AYER.

If we understand the subject, he has carried that article to the fatherest perfection of which it is capable. Instead of employing Drugs in its composition, as is the case with all the other essery and only he, has with cautious skill extracted the *virtues* of the medicines so employed and combined them alone in the purity together. The composition is then made up, rolled by machinery and steam power, into a pill which is wrapped in an excelsior gelatine, for protection from the effects of water or time, and then thickly coated with sugar, so serene as its passport over the palate. Nor is it so bulky as the pills of the other kind, offered to the Public at less than one cent each. Ever humble the department, we think this may be safely characterized as the consummation

AS A SPRING MEDICINE

Myers' Extract of Rock Rose is invaluable. It changes the viciol humors, opens the pores of the skin, promotes insensible perspiration, directly purifying the blood and invigorating the system. A free use of medicine, in the spring months will not only cure all diseases caused by impurities of the blood, but will beget a healthy action and prepare the system to resist the attacks of fevers, derangement of the bowels, &c. so prevalent in the summer season.

Agents for Newport, E. B. IRISH and C. S.

MARRIED.

In Tiverton, 28d inst., BENJAMIN F. WINSLOW of Fall River, to Miss MARGARET, daughter of Robert McEwin, of Tiverton.

In Providence, 24th inst., Mr. ALFRED C. MORSE to Miss CAROLINE E. FRANK; Mr. ALBERT B. PENNO to Miss ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, 25th, Mr. THOS. A. PORTERFIELD to Miss ELIZABETH A. BOWEN.

DIED.

In this city, 24th inst., MICHAEL, son of Joseph Eddy, aged 7 weeks.

In Providence, 25th inst., CLARA J., only daughter of Francis B. Ferris, aged 3 years; Mr. STEPHEN FREEBORN, late of Portsmouth R. I., aged 51 years.

In San Francisco, March 27th, Mr. WILLIAM MILLER, formerly of Providence, aged about 44

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.
—ARRIVED.—

MONDAY, April 23.—Park Charles C Fowett,
Palmer, F River for Matanzas.
Schr Miranda, Long, Fall River for Norfolk.
Phenix, Kaitubun, N York for Wareham; Alexander
Lewis, Norwich for N Bedford.

WEDNESDAY, April 25.—Schr B W Eldredge,

THURSDAY, April 26.—Bridg Larkin, Chiboud, Phil for Wareham; Moramee, Hill, do for Boston; Scher Lookout, Butler, Phil for Boston; Rhodes, Hill, do for do; L. White, Doy, N York for do; Henry Clay, Ellendorn, Albany for New Bedford; Gulf Stream, Cameron, Wilmington for Boston; Nelocty, Hopkins, N York for Portland; Mordy, Cullady, N York for New Bedford.

Wright Canadian, New York; J C Heit,
Planet, Handy, Troy for Wareham; J C Heit,
Bullock, Porto Rico for St Johns, NB; Pak, Hu-
bie, N Haven for N Bedford.

FRIDAY, April 27.—Sch W C Nelson, Leeds,
Im Phil; John Pierce, Melville, 10 days from
Aricibo, Porto Rico, with cargo molasses to Per-
ham & Bull. Passed at 37 1/2, on 73 20, the
decks of a ship—midship house standing, hatch-
way and pump gear painted red.

MEMORANDA.

At Trieste 5th inst, ship Wm Spague, Bowers,
for Venice, to load hemp for Devonport.
At Havana 15th, bark Martha Ann, Babcock,
wtg.
Passed Gibraltar, Mch 19, bark J A Hazard,
Williams, from Genoa for Vera Cruz.
Went to sea from Wilmington, NC, 16th, bark
Saranac, Digley, for Cuba.
Ar at Cardenas 10th inst, brig John Hathaway,
Smith, from Wilmington, NC; 12th, brig Henry
Marshall, Durrell, fr Baltimore.
At Kingston, Jamaica, 12th inst, bark Wm. Gaud-

Old at Savannah 18th, brig R B Lawson.
ner, for Havana.
Ar at Savannah 21st, brig Random, Crane, for
Matanzas.
At Gonaves 5th inst, schr Fanny Fern, Briggs,
for New York 4 days.
Arr at Norfolk 22d, schr Harriet Lewis, King,
having encountered a gale which caused her to
leak badly in upper works, and split fore and
mainmasts: would sail next day; Morant, Slocum,
and Henry Castoff, Gardner, in this port.

